



The African Woman's Prayer.

A forlorn woman discovered by one of our missionaries in the depths of Central Africa, when told the old, old story, exclaimed, "Oh that is He who has come so often to me in my prayers! I could not find who He was."

In darkness and in sin I sought the shrine
Of heathen gods to comfort in distress;
I offered up my child, all that was mine,
A sacrifice, my woeful soul to bless.

My darling suffered on the altar high;
My heart was wrung with anguish and
despair;
No deity was moved to hear my sigh,
Nor priest could take away my load of care.

At length in agony of soul, I said:
"If there be any God who dwells above,
Who to His temple hath the lowly led,
Speak out of darkness, speak in tenderest
love.

If light Divine abides in yonder sky,
Where brightest glory lights the blazing
sun,
Oh, come, responsive to my helpless cry!
Oh, come and tell me of salvation won!"

A voice, the sweetest I had ever heard,
In accents tender whispered, "Peace, be
still!
For poor and needy ones my love hath shared,
In life and death I'll keep from every ill."

Nor has He left me from that blessed hour,
Oft has He spoken to my raptured soul;
He's ever near to keep me by His power,
And point me upward to a heavenly goal.

His name, a mystery then, I could not tell;
I called Him Father, Brother, Saviour,
Friend;
He answered to them all, each fitted well,
And promised to my soul a peaceful end.

Oh! now I know that name—the dearest name
Of any spoken in a sinner's ear;
'Tis Jesus! you have come to teach the same;
My way is hedged about, my path is clear.

And now with Jesus as my Saviour, Friend,
I'll brave the dangers of the pilgrim's road,
Waiting with eager gladness for the end,
To bring me home in safety to my God.
Amity, N. Y., Nov., 1904. R. H. CRAIG.

